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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1419.

Choice Poetry.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

It were a happy thing to dwell
On supercelestial scenery,
Where one foot is upreach or quail
Decrees our sense to dwell;
And looking now on pleasant things,
And seeing well beyond them
A more brighter far than even these are,
With bright waves to respond them.

But, well-a-day! 'tis only youth
That wisheth these its dwelling;
The slack of time, the death of truth
Reproveth these the world's tending!
For these is that within the mind
Which's worse—as not too boldly
To look before, nor yet behind.
Where cold phantasies only dwelling.

The eye, which for an instant takes
Home-visions from the future,
Beholding these all that is fair,
Finds Heaven soon to falter.
And much it all that gives us bright
In here of the shrid,
While o'er the prospect gloomy night
Brings darkness dense and real.

We cannot tread the cloudless space
Without Hope's help to steer us,
For we should look, like Icarus,
Not built to fend it near us.
Nor in our mind can longer draw
From Expectation's fountain,
Also for him who dare not hope
When half way up the mountain!

Hope not too much—nor yet despair
By leaseward path to wander,
These enemies which make us bear
The burdens we have taken;
The memory of the past should be
A thing to nerve, not sadden
Our hearts to Hope plaudent;
But shall to counsel lend.

Time, as it flies, upon us strips
Token after token of its journey—
The rose that dies, in dying flings
Fresh perfumes for to-morrows,
But through the flowers of the past
May rose-like incense rise us,
Let's take it as a welcome cue
By flowers-beds on before us!

Then fly the bell—the journey pass—
Nor waste its time unerring
For whatsoever hour it flies
But garlands for and expecting
Whoever the time-flowers be that it take
The steps from dreams beauty!
The steps which tread over they the past.
Rings back its memory only!

Pictures of Life.

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

CHAPTER II.

Who would wish that the days of youth should last for ever? or even that their memory should not be laid out for them in the grave? Sorrows grow and nothing surrounds the aisles blotted out; but the effect produced by them is not obliterated by the sight; even as, when you wound a young tree, the bark grows over it in time, until the cleft is seen no more. So with the heart of man; the wound is continually changing, so we could scarce endure the excruciating pain that make our hearts bleed. There is on the ordering of the world no blessing greater than forgetfulness.

Alice Wayward at two-and-twenty was no more like the giddy-creature bride, the spirit-fastened girl of one hour, than is the rose-bud to a full blossomed child, a dreamy maiden, at whom a breath, will not dare to breathe for fear it should cause; I might, when I prophesied this, to have known better, give Alice an unkind look or an angry word. His whole soul seemed bound up in her as he lived but to anticipate her every wish. Her charities became so silently changed, from strangers to gentleness and forbearance, that when at last he died, no man was more fervently mourned by his whole household than was Mr. Wayward.—But he passed away in the fullness of age and of generation, honored and beloved in the house of which Alice was mistress. Sure, more than ever, did sorrows come to him her from that home, but in vain. I was glad of it, I shall die—I shall die, to whom I could have cheerfully given my Alice, were to Edward Rosale.

It was not that Mr. Wayward's death that my dear nephew returned from abroad, and sought me out. Many years had passed since he had parted from his heart's wish, and seen her legs. He had not attained one desire, though for his daughter's sake refused all suit. But, at last, he came, and gently and tenderly murmured against that, for Alice's sake, he had not done so before.

"Father, I have done your will—I can do no more."

And he soon ceased to urge her. Indeed, as proclaimed was John Wayward by the patient obedience of his child, and commented on by many, at the time of the divorce until his death, I never knew how give Alice an unkind look or an angry word. His whole soul seemed bound up in her as he lived but to anticipate her every wish. Her charities became so silently changed, from strangers to gentleness and forbearance, that when at last he died, no man was more fervently mourned by his whole household than was Mr. Wayward.—But he passed away in the fullness of age and of generation, honored and beloved in the house of which Alice was mistress. Sure, more than ever, did sorrows come to him her from that home, but in vain. I was glad of it, I shall die—I shall die, to whom I could have cheerfully given my Alice, were to Edward Rosale.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

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THE FIGHT GOING FROM CONGRESS TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE CERTAINTY OF TWO DOLLAR CITY WEEKLIES.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST return their sincere thanks to their friends and the public, for the patronage extended to them during the last year, and respectfully submit a continuance of the same. The belief expressed in their last Prospectus, that the POST is destined to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, is fast becoming realized. The success of this is in a great degree to be attributed to the fact that it has never been connected with any political party, but has always been conducted on the principles of the broadest and most universal liberality of the day. The public have felt, in the language of the North American and United States Gazette, of this city, that "*The POST has done much towards increasing the taste of the newspaper reading public.*"

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The terms to single subscribers are $2.50 per annum, in advance; $2.50, if not paid in advance.—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

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☞ Editors copying the above, who will give a few notices of the paper (we ask not that it shall be praised, but be noticed) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive one thanks.

☞ N.—Any person forwarding us a club, and receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accumulated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE SATURDAY POST.—We have to congratulate our friends Edmund Dunster & Henry Peterson, upon the successful consummate of their editorial paper, which is now the very pearl of the literary weekdom. The Saturday Evening Post is decidedly the best literary paper, and its circulation has been steadily increasing. It has the pleasant good wishes for its success, *for we think it has done much towards lessening the taste of the newspaper reading public.*—*Phila. North American and United States Gazette.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST *is now the best paper of the kind that comes under our observation.*—*Frank Ass Intrust, Greenfield, Mass.*

We have always considered the Post as one of the best of papers, filled with good reading, and not the trash with which a number of the city papers teem.—*Chicago Telegraph.*

THE CONDUCTOR and talented articles of the Post are especially fitted to please the taste of the great body of our readers and the best general weekly in the country, we say unhesitate for the Post.—*Syracuse Journal.*

THE POST may justly be called the handsomest, best, and cheapest paper in the United States.—*Newspaper Tele.*

One of the regular excellencies of this paper consists in the high moral tone running through its editorial and miscellaneous, which makes it a valuable family companion.—*Delaware Observer.*

THE POST always ranked among the best family Newspapers of the country, and now that it is devoted by the brightest home literature, we take the lead of the list.—*Sunbury (Pa.) Gazette.*

THE POST is one of the few literary papers of the day, in the existence of which discrimination is made as to the moral character and tendency of the literary matter published.—*Allegheny County Advertiser.*

AMERICAN THE POST says, before its enlargement, is the best family paper in our exchange list, and in fact the best one we know of, still we think it has been greatly improved. The form is excellent, the paper fair to encounter; its typographical appearance is clear and handsome, and the literary matter excellent. *The Post is decidedly the best and cheapest weekly paper published.*—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE POST came to us last week enlarged right and left, and looking the most splendid. There is no question but that it is the best family newspaper published in Philadelphia.—*Neuhall's Gazette and Bee Journal, Greenfield, Mass.*

We NOTE always remembered the Post as one of the best of papers, filled with good reading, and not the trash with which a number of the city papers teem.—*Chicago Telegraph.*

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GETTING HOLD OF THE WRONG CUSTOMER.

The Dry Goods Reporter contains an article upon the practice of "dressing"—a practice which, as it is at present carried, is productive of some hundreds of young men in the Atlantic cities every year—with the following anecdote, which, it says, occurred in this city:

A tall, hearty-looking countryman, dressed in a sober-colored coat with bright buttons, very closely waisted, and ending high up on the pantaloons in a very narrow skirt—a round-the white wool hat with an extremely wide brim—a very fanciful colored vest that could not have had a current with the gentlemen, which latter were of brown cloth, cut to hug the figure, and resting on a pair of very serviceable boots—called for lodging at one Hotel, and entered his name in the books, "Joseph Stubbs, Boston." As soon as he had done that, up ran a very gentlemanly looking man, a dresser for a dry goods house, stepped up to him and seized concurrently:

"We have had a very warm day, Mr. Stubbs," Stubbs (nothing abashed)—Well, he has been warm *a few*.

Dresser.—When did you leave home, sir?

Stubbs.—About a fortnight ago.

Dresser.—Have you had much rain with you this summer?

Stubbs.—I-es, we had a smart chance of wet the first part of June, since then it's been mighty dry.

Dresser, (cautiously)—You are on to buy goods, I suppose?

Stubbs.—Well, I reckon to buy a few notions before I go home.

Dresser.—Have you been long in the trade, sir?

Stubbs.—Well, I've been trading off an' on ever since I was a boy.

Dresser, (still cautioned carelessness.)—You buy on credit, I suppose?

Stubbs.—No, I always pay my way as I go: that's my motto.

Dresser, (gratefully.)—And a very good one it is; take a cigar, sir.

Stubbs.—Don't mind if I do.

And lighting a couple of regulars the two became quite confidential, and Stubbs is enlightened on the subject of the city trade, the quality and many customers the way that Dash, Splash & Co. (dressmen's emporium) transact their business—cash down and the time secret, (which he is not to divulge,) of their being able to defy competition, and undersell all their neighbors. At dinner Stubbs is treated to a bottle of choice Champagne, which he drinks with so little compunction as if it were country cider. In the evening, arm-in-arm with his new-found companion he visits the opera, and though the most fashionable portion of play-goers are out of town, he is admirably amused. In the morning he is determined to "see some more" before he will be induced to visit the stores; so he is taken to a lounge in Chestnut Street—Grand Central, the Fairmount Water Works, the Mint, &c., for all of which, as it could not be avoided, he will receive very grateful. In the evening he attends at the Arch, and is delighted with the performances both on the pit and stage.

After a day or two of gratuitous enjoyment he commences to visit the stores. Of course he is introduced to all hands, who promise themselves large of his acquaintance, and tell him that "any friend he has is bound, course to business. "Well, Mr. Stubbs, what will you look at first?"

Stubbs.—Have you any woollen shawls, plaid or red, striped or cross-barred?"

The clerks set their pocket-handkerchiefs to prevent an explosion, and Mr. Dash proceeds to wherein.

Stubbs.—How much is the damage on these?

Dash.—These, sir, are a very fine article of woollen importation, (how! to sell at them to you, sir, at ten dollars."

Stubbs.—Can't you *any less* for cash?

Dash.—We can't indeed, Mr. Stubbs, they cost us more money to import.

Stubbs.—Well, I'll take this one. Now show me a *first chop* woollen de laine.

Dash.—Here is a piece of very fine ones at 25 cents, all new styles and warranted fast colors.

Stubbs.—This will be exactly suit me; at eight yards off this 'ere one.

Dash, (looking a little blank.)—But we don't cut these goods, Mr. Stubbs.

Stubbs.—Won't cut? Then I'm up.

Dash, (looking to other assistants.)—What shall else will you look at, sir?

Stubbs.—I don't read nothing else, unless it is a *conference* for John to wear around his neck. I did think I should buy him stuff for a pair of breeches, but I've been told by a chap from a visiting store, that they'll come cheaper ready made. I was going to buy two or three dresses for the old woman, but as you don't sell less than a piece, why I guess I won't trouble you to measure off any.

Dash, (drawing his hat very fiercely over his head.) Mr. Stubbs, you've been quizzing me, and I thought you told my young man that you were in the dry goods trade.

Stubbs, (his little grey eyes twinkling like fun) —I never said nothing about dry goods'n' I never said I was in the trade, I said I was a boy, I was a boy, and so I have, but I never traded in any thing except it was a bit of a joke now and then *disappointed*, as the young man was so perlite. Here is the money for the sheet: if any one pulls a hundred out our way, call in: if I don't see how the old woman will be glad to see you!" exit Stubbs, very polite best Mr. Stubbs dignified, to look up the rest of his "new notions."

If Messrs. Splash & Co. had not in their employ a new dresser, it is very much to be doubted if they would not have looked out.

Varieties.

THE LONE INDIAN.

He leaned against a prairie oak,
The dark brow'd forest child—
A chieftain tall, an ever wide
Like war cry under the eagle smoke
Of battle drone and wild.

No eagle feather graced his brow—
Torn trophies of the chase—
Fashioned his home—but when or how
He'd hunted them, the past
Can't tell—no more would he.

Proud of his tribe—but no "tale of her."
He had set ladies bosom—
Nor had a fond love-or-lour fair sin—
And tone were dumb on getting "broke"
And there proud.

But I'm digressing—to my song—
Where was I—let me see:
I can't—it was gone, but and wrong
I left him—I am not wrong.
Indians don't love.

He was a beauty to behold,
For nothing a prettier could be,
With sumptuous contrast and old,
And bloodshed eye, and features cold
He had been drawn for sight.

W. G. *Picayune*.

BEWARE OF EGG.—Let no one say, when he thinks of the drumhead's broken healing, and start-ling intellect, "I can never so fall." He thought a little of falling, in his earliest years. The promise of his youth was as bright as yours; and when he began to fall downward, he was not so unconscious as to the descent around him, and would have replied so indignantly, the offence of some friend who should counsel. The danger of this view lies in its imperceptible approach. Few fall by a single leap to the bottom. Good friends are not much larger, if the be the case, for the poor forsaken. Paris paper of the 11th, speaks of the consternation in the hotel between the ladies powers of fashion, Tuscany, Rome and Naples, who have been in the habit of visiting Paris every season, and who, for the first time, could not accept the crown of Savoy, and all the powers of Europe

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1848.

CRIME AND CRUELTY.

What a whole volume of probable crime and cruelty does the following short article from the "Poughkeepsie Telegraph," open to the view of the thoughtful mind:

A most melancholy death occurred at the County House the other day, caused by starvation. A man and woman left a little girl, whom they represented as their daughter, with a family residing near Peckville, in the town of Fishkill, last summer, promising to call for her in a few days. She remained there some weeks, and the individuals who left her were not heard from. The family with whom she was left, thinking that she would never be called for, used her in a most cruel and inhuman manner, depriving her of food and clothing, until she finally resolved to escape and attempt to find her friends; and accordingly wandered off alone, and was lost in the woods of Fishkill Mountains. She remained there eight or ten days, subsisting on berries, nuts, etc., but was at length discovered and carried to the County House; she was a mere skeleton, and was so exhausted that she must have died in a few hours. Every attention was paid to her, but it did not avail, and death came and put an end to her sufferings, and the little starved girl was committed to the tomb.

Poor ill-used child! Happier art thou now in His arms who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," than thou ever couldst be on this cruel earth—happier than they ever can be who have so cruelly deserted thee, or they who would not accept the charge of the orphan and friendless! But God's mercy, and His judgments also, are over all.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

The following statement of the Liverpool markets, was brought by the America.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—All kinds of foreign wheat has declined 1d. to 2d. per bushel. United States and Canadian sweet flour is 33 to 34s. per barrel. Several parcels Indian Corn sold for Ireland at a reduction of 1 to 2s. per quarter, sales being made at 35s 6d. to 36s. for 480 lbs.

The full value of American white and yellow Indian Meal at 6d. per barrel lower.

COTTON MARKET.—Fair quality quoted the same as last week. Uplands at 4½, and Orleans 4½. Considerable quantities under that class are quoted at ⅛ less than last fortnight. There is a general dullness throughout the whole country. Sales of the week, 28,830 bales. Taken for speculation 1,300 American; 5,750 American, 100 Surat, 400 Pernam, 150 Bengal for export.

RICE.—Importers anxious to sell; the recent arrivals of a lot of Carolina, brought 23 to 24s. per hundred.

PROVISIONS.—Are in less demand, and the trade is languid. A decline of 6d. to 1s. in bacon. No change in shoulders, they are wanted, there being none in market. Beef, no change. The late advance in pork has checked the demand, and the prices are much below those current at last advices. American prime Mess, new, 40s. to 50s; old, 46s. to 48s. Lard, leaf, in barrel, 42s. to 43; in kegs, 44a45s.

NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine is without alteration. American Rosin in good demand. The last sales were at 3s. 6d. to 3s. 9d.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

The steam propeller Goliath, is believed to have taken fire and blown up recently on Lake Huron. She had a large quantity of gunpowder on board, (about 200 kegs,) intended to be used in mining operations. There were about twenty persons on board, and all are supposed to have perished.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 138—adults 60, and children 78.

General News.

NEW YORK EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

This body closed its deliberations on Friday of last week. It had been expected that protracted debates would have arisen on several important topics, such as Bishop Onderdonk's case, and the St. Philips' (colored) Church case. But the expedition with which the business of the house was accomplished, brought their labors to a close after a session of only three days. On the important subject touching the qualifications of lay members of Conventions, Dr. Vinton's resolution is approved, by the next Convention, no lay delegates can be admitted thereafter, except such as are actually communicants in the Church.

In reference to the case of Bishop Onderdonk, it was, after considerable debate, resolved that the Trustees of the Episcopal Fund be directed to pay to the Right Rev. Bishop T. Onderdonk, D.D., out of the income of the said fund, (excepting the portion set apart for accumulation,) the sum of $2,500 annually, until the further order of this Convention; to take effect from the first day of the sitting of this body.

Rev. Dr. Sherwood, of Hyde Park, offered a resolution to the effect that the Diocese of New York call upon the House of Bishops to terminate the suspension of Bishop O., or if they were not ready to do this, asking them to state when they would terminate said suspension. This created some little stir, but was finally referred to the next Convention, and after the usual exercises the Convention adjourned sine die.

New Publications.

THE JOHN DONKEY. This week's number of the Donkey, so far as the letter press is concerned, is one of the best we have seen. The engravings are fair. We cut the following from its pages:

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions last week, an attorney, desirous of eliciting sympathy for his client, who was on his trial for assault and battery, called him up before the Court, and asked him *was he a man of family*. "Lod bless youah soul, marster, no," replied the unfortunate defendant, "I is nuffin more dan a poor nigga what earns his livin' in de carpenter bizness—dat is—I cuts and piles the wood."

AN UNSAFE INVESTMENT.

"Did thee receive my remittance, Nathan, my son?"

"Yes, father."

"Then why did thee not buy a new coat—thy present one is rather fragile."

"Why—the fact is—that—I left all my money—in bank at New Orleans."

"Ah—thy economy is certainly commendable. In what bank?"

"I don't exactly remember what bank, father—I know it was a very good one, as it had a Scripture name. It was—um! let me see—it was the Pharaoh bank, I think."

EVERY SAILOR HIS OWN LAWYER. *By J. R. Butts, compiler of "The Business Man's Assistant," &c.* This is a little volume containing "The Rights of Seamen," "The Coaster's and Fishermen's Guide," and "Master's and Mate's Manual," including the Passenger Laws of 1819, '47 and '48. We approve of the publication of such volumes, giving information to all parties concerned as to the strict legal rights of both sailors and captains, if great care is exercised in their compilation. In relation to other points interesting to the masters of vessels, &c., this book contains a great deal of information. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Phila.*

AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. *By William Grimshaw, author of Histories of the United States, England, &c.* This Dictionary contains the radicals and definitions of words, derived from the Greek, Latin and French languages; and all the generally used and polite phrases adopted from the French and Latin. It is designed chiefly as a book of reference for professional men, in explaining words and phrases, the origin of which requires much historical and philosophical research. Also adapted to be used as a class book in academies. Published by *Grigg, Elliot & Co., Phila.*

THE WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER. We have received the October number of the Messenger, published at Buffalo, N. Y. It contains full proceedings of the New York State Fair and of the Pomological Convention, recently held in that city.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE. The October number of this magazine contains its usual variety of engravings, tales, biographies, &c.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The last number of this excellent periodical is for sale by *G. B. Zieber, Ledger Building.*

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

A plurality elects the Presidential Electoral ticket in Maine. The ticket having the highest number of votes will therefore be successful, without the intervention of the Legislature.

The Anti-Rent State Convention, in New York, have nominated Senator Dix as their candidate for Governor; Patterson for Lieut. Governor; Wheaton for Canal Commissioner; and Wells for State Prison Inspector.

Horace Greeley has come out for Taylor and Fillmore, and his paper, the New York Tribune has run up the Taylor flag. Horace says, he trusts the day is not distant when an amendment of the Federal Constitution will give the appointment of Postmasters and other local officers to the People, and strip the President of the enormous and anti-republican patronage which now causes the whole political action of the country to hinge upon its Presidential Elections. We trust so, too.

Gen. Taylor is still annoyed with letters from every part of the country, putting questions. He received forty in one day.

David Paul Brown, Esq., has received the nomination of a mass meeting, held in Southwark, as the Independent Rough and Ready candidate for Congress from the First District of Penn.

Governor Johnson has determined to call an extra session of the Legislature of South Carolina, in order to enable that State to cast her vote for Electors of President and Vice President.

The Free Soil dinner, to be given at Gainesville, Alabama, to which John Van Buren was invited was a hoax played off upon that gentleman.

DAY OF THE ELECTION.

The following act of Congress directs the day on which the Presidential election is to be made. Of course, it takes place on the 7th of November:

An Act to establish a uniform time for holding elections for electors of President and Vice President in all the States of the Union.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the electors of President and Vice President shall be appointed in each State

once to undertake it; requiring only a deposit of ten per cent. Accordingly, the money was drawn and deposited, the purchase made, and contracts passed.

There is another feature of this buying on time which we must describe. As there are many persons who lack either the honor or the ability to fulfill their contracts when they loose by the operation, it is customary, when one whose responsibility is not known, offers to buy, that he is bound to mention, if required, some respectable broker, who will be responsible for his contract; thus it has become usual for "outsiders," when they operate, to employ a broker to buy or sell who becomes responsible for the fulfilment of their contract, as we have said.

Therefore, it will be understood, that when the clerk deposited his three thousand dollars with Messrs. L—— & S—— they agreed, by accepting the commission, to stand in this position to the seller.

Now, by the result of this transaction, it will be seen to have been one of the most consummate, yet best-planned pieces of hypocrisy, villainy and fraud, the sharpened intellect, and blunted conscience of a Wall Street broker ever devised. The truth was, this generous broker had been operating for a rise, or in other phrase was a bull, and found that a decline was inevitable. He then endeavored to save himself, and his device, heartless as it was, will become apparent, when it is known that the three hundred shares sold to the young clerk, belonged to his employer himself, who sold it through a confidential agent, and that, in less than ten days after the sale, this very stock fell *thirty per cent!* The result was that the young clerk was ruined, and the broker got back his two thousand, with the poor youth's one thousand. This was but a small matter, however; he had, as we have said, the brokers, Messrs. L—— & S—— as security on the contract, out of whom he made at the following rate, thirty shares of a hundred, thirty thousand dollars, on which thirty per cent., minus the three thousand dollars they had received, is six thousand dollars; add to the poor deluded clerk's one thousand, and the whole transaction was worth to him *seven thousand dollars!* Quite a speculation indeed—money enough to outweigh the consciences of all the tricky stock-jobbers in Wall Street.

FROM THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

A YOUTH VICTIMIZED BY GAMBLING.

BY J. H. GREEN.

In the year 1840, in company with several others of the gambling fraternity, I took passage at Louisville, Kentucky, on board a steamer bound to New Orleans. The boat was crowded with passengers, but there seemed to be very few that gave promise of being profitable to me or my companions. It was therefore determined that seven out of the party should return, and await the departure of another steamer. I went to the hurricane deck to observe their departure. As the boat left the steamer, I discovered a very young man anxiously gazing upon the party in the boat. He maintained this position till the boat returned to the steamer, when, turning on his heel, he exclaimed, "I am ruined! I am lost!" and hastened into the cabin, wholly unconscious of observation. I followed him into the cabin, and renewed my observations. He was apparently about eighteen years of age. His countenance was pleasant, and his features delicate. As he abstractedly walked backward and forward in the cabin, agony was depicted on his countenance, in marks too decided to be mistaken.

I approached and addressed him as follows:—"Are you bound for the South?" He replied, "I do not know where I am bound," and turning away from me, resumed his walk.

I approached him a second time, and remarked that he appeared to be in ill health. "I am, sir—I am *sick*," he replied, turning upon his heel, and walking into the state room. In a few moments he approached me, and said it was strictly true that he did not know where he was going; and if I would hear him, he would give me a full account of his troubles, and his reason for answering me in the manner he had. We sat down, and he gave me the following narrative:

"I am a native of one of the Eastern States; my parents now reside in an Eastern city. I have a sister residing in Louisville, Kentucky, whom I have never seen. She married and removed to Louisville, before my birth. Her husband died a few months since. Shortly after her husband's

☞ The Liverpool Times states that with a view of putting a stop to the practice of palming copies for originals, a plan is in agitation for registering every picture that may be painted, and for affixing thereto a registration mark or stamp.

☞ Frequenters of concerts, who are in the habit of beating time with their feet, are reminded that the *stamp act* was repealed many years ago.

☞ Young mechanics, who would prosper in business, have only two rules to live up to, to insure success. First do your work as your customer wishes to have it done. The other rule is to do it by the time you promise to have it done.—These two rules complied with, and there is little danger, if any, of a failure.

☞ A man in Newark, New Jersey, named Palmer, has published an essay against the use of money. He says it is "an engine only of evil." For two years he has declined to receive or use it, and he is now convinced that it is the duty of all to adopt a course which will supercede the use of it.

☞ We know of a young lady "about these parts," so *very* modest that she keeps her lips and cheeks always covered with court-plaster for fear somebody might see them naked.

☞ An Irish paper once gave an account of a man who made an affidavit that on a certain night he was waked up, and, putting his head out of a window, six stout men pointed a loaded musket, and swore that if he did not do so and so, *they would send his soul to h—*, which he verily believed they *would have done*, if he had not obeyed them.

☞ The English fashions, for gentlemen, for September, are said to have been an umbrella, top coat and thick boots, when out of doors; a cosy little fire at home and an extra blanket at night.

☞ The Calvinists and Lutherans of France are about to unite. A grand Protestant Synod is to be held on the 9th September; when one or the other will give way to adopt the doctrines and customs of the other.

☞ Niagara Falls is doomed again to furnish water for another mill site. A flour mill is to be commenced there at once, with two run of stone.

☞ The King of Apollonia, an African Monarch who had a habit of eating (!) the ambassadors who were sent to him, has been "put down" by a British regiment, aided by several of his subjects.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1848.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
7 Saturday,	6 19	5 41	9 53	
8 Sunday,	6 21	5 39	10 44	D. H. M.
9 Monday,	6 22	5 38	11 37	
10 Tuesday,	6 23	5 37	12 31	
11 Wedn'sday,	6 25	5 35	1 16	First 5 9 10
12 Thursday,	6 26	5 34	2 0	Full 12 11 8
13 Friday,	6 27	5 33	2 44	Last 19 1 41
14 Saturday,	6 28	5 32	3 41	New 26 10 1

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	24,	54	64	66
	25,	57	69	73
	26,	57	60	64
	27,	47	56	58
	28,	59	62	63
	29,	65	76	73
	30,	69	73	—

Married,

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Steel, Mr. GEORGE SCOTT, of Steubenville, Ohio, to Miss MARY W. VANSANT, of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. RICHARD HANEY, to Miss SARAH DALBY, all of Fairmount.

On the 16th of July, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN SCOTT, to Miss MARTHA SELFRIDGE, all of Spring Garden.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. H. Dulen, Mr. ALEXANDER BROWN, to Miss RACHEL HAINES, all of this city.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Goddard, GEORGE C. BARR, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, to Miss ROSALIE PIERS, of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN C. MOORE, to Miss ELIZABETH MASON, daughter of Alva Mason, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, THOS. GOULD, to Miss ANNE ROYL.

On the 24th ultimo, by Alderman C. Brazer, Mr. JOHN H. SIMONS, to Miss ELIZABETH MAGAW, both of this city.

In Allegheny, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. W. W. McLane, AMBROSE MELLIER, of Fayette county, to Miss CHRISTIANA M. daughter of Wm. Haverstick, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. WILLIAM G. RUHL, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH H. daughter of the late George Davis, of Chester co., Pa.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, JAMES PENROSE, to ELIZA DARBEY, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. in Philadelphia, by the Rev. Doctor Durbin, JOHN D. McCOY, of Arkansas, to EMMA E. BENNETT, of Philadelphia.

Died,

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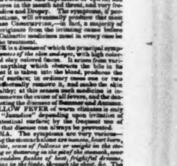

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LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all able a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth and throat, and very frequently

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE A. S. STANDARD.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Another star 'neath Time's horizon dropt,
To gleam o'er unknown lands and seas;
Another heart that beat for freedom stopt,—
What mournful words are these!

Oh, Love Divine, that claspest our tired earth,
And lullest it upon thy heart,
Thou knowest how much a gentle soul is worth
To teach men what thou art;

His was a spirit that to all Thy poor
Was kind as slumber after pain;
Why ope so soon Thy heaven-deep Quiet's door
And call him home again?

Freedom needs all her poets; it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,
And to the wiser law of music sway
Her wild imaginings.

Yet thou hast called him, nor art thou unkind,
Oh, Love Divine, for 'tis Thy will
That gracious natures leave their love behind
To work for Freedom still.

Let laurelled marbles weigh on other tombs,
Let anthems peal for other dead,
Rustling the bannered depth of minster-glooms,
With their exulting spread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-lived stone,
No lichen shall its lines efface,
He needs these few and simple lines alone,
To mark his resting-place:

"Here lies a Poet; Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly great was he,
Go ask it of the poor."

Scenes in Mexico.

ADVENTURE

WITH A GUERILLA.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE TURTLE.

There are two kinds of turtle; the one is called the green turtle, and is much valued as a delicious article of food; the other the hawk's bill turtle supplies the tortoise-shell of commerce, which is prepared and moulded into various forms by heat; the flesh of the hawk's bill turtle is considered very unwholesome. The turtles in the picture are of the edible kind; they are found on the shores of nearly all the countries within the tropics. There is a little rocky island in the south Atlantic Ocean, called the Island of Ascension, where they are found in vast numbers, and this barren spot is often visited by Indiamen for the purpose of obtaining some of them. The turtles feed on the sea-weed and other marine plants which grow on the shoals and sandbanks, and with their powerful jaws, they crush the small sea-shells which are found among the weeds. This kind of food is always to be had in great abundance, so that the turtles have no occasion to quarrel among themselves, for that which is afforded in such plenty for all; indeed they seem to be a very quiet and inoffensive race, herding peaceably together on their extensive feeding-grounds, and when satisfied retiring to the fresh water at the mouth of the rivers, where they remain holding their heads above water, as if to breathe the fresh air, till the shadow of any of their numerous enemies alarms them, when they instantly dive to the bottom for security. In the month of April, the females leave the water after sun-set, in order to deposit their eggs in the sand. By means of their fore-fins they each dig a hole above high-water-mark, about one foot wide and two deep, into which they drop above a hundred eggs; they then cover them lightly over with a layer of sand, sufficient to hide them, and yet thin enough to admit the warmth of the sun's rays for hatching them. The instinct which leads the female turtle to the shore to lay her eggs, renders her a prey to man. The fishers wait for them on shore, especially on a moonlight night, and following them in one of their journeys, either coming or returning, they turn them quickly over on their backs, before they have time to defend themselves, or to blind their assailants by throwing up the sand with their fins. When very large (the usual weight of the turtle is from four to six hundred pounds) it requires the efforts of several men to turn them over, and for this purpose they often employ levers: the back shell of the turtle is so flat that when once over it is impossible for them to right themselves, so there the poor creatures lie in this helpless condition, till they are either taken away in the manner you see in the picture, or deposited by their captors in a crawl, which is a kind of enclosure surrounded by stakes, and so situated as to admit the influx of the sea. The inhabitants of the Bahama Isles, catch many turtles at a considerable distance from the shore; they strike them with a spear, the head of which slips off when it has entered the body of the turtle, but it is fastened by a string to the pole, and by means of this apparatus they are able to secure them, and either take them into the boat or haul them on shore. The length of the green turtle frequently exceeds six feet. A boy ten years old, a son of Captain Roche, once made use of a very large shell as a boat, and ventured in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay about a quarter of a mile off. It was in the Bay of Campeachy, off Port Royal, where the rightful occupant of this shell was caught.

Humorous Sketch.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

Original Sketch.

HOME SICKNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE WIFE OF A WESTERN PHYSICIAN.

Wit and Humor.

BULLYING A WITNESS.

There is an attorney practising in our courts who has attained a great notoriety for bullying witnesses on the opposing sides of cases when he is concerned. As it would not be polite to give his full name right out to the crowd, we will merely call him "Wyke," for short.

There was a horse case, a very common case upon our magistrates dockets, trying before Squire Snellbaker one day, in which Wyke happened to be "fernenst" the horse. A slow and easy witness, had been called, to the stand by the plaintiff, who in a plain straight forward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue. The plaintiff's attorney being through, Wyke commenced a regular *cross*-examination which was cut short in the following manner:

"Well, what do *you* know about a horse—you a *horse doctor?*" said the *barbarian*, in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner.

"No, I don't pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal about the nater of the beast."

"That means to say that you know a horse from a jackass, when you see them," said Wyke, in the same style, looking knowingly at the court, and glancing triumphantly around the crowd of spectators, with a telegraphic expression, which said, "Now I've got him on the hip."

The intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, drawled out:

"Oh, ye-as—jes-so—*I'd never take you for a horse!*"

The Supreme Court of the United States could not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. Everybody was convinced, that, whatever the attorney might be, the witness was a *hoss!*—*Cin. Dispatch.*

THE FIVE CRADLES.

A man who had recently become a votary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an intermediate state of boosiness. That is to say, he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and by sleeping off his inebriation, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without creating much disturbance, and after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bedpost, and hold on to it while he slipped out of his apparel, the remainder of the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cradle stood in a direct line with the bedpost, about the middle of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with a perfect looseness; and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it back-

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN AND UNITED STATES GAZ.

THE WITHERING LEAVES.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The Summer is gone and the Autumn is here,
And the flowers are strewing their earthly bier;
A dreary mist o'er the woodland swims,
While rattle the nuts from the windy limbs;
From bough to bough the squirrels run
At the noise of the hunter's echoing gun,
And the partridge flies where my footstep heaves
The rustling drifts of the withering leaves.

The flocks pursue their southern flight—
Some all the day and some all night;
And up from the wooded marshes come
The sounds of the pheasants' feathery drum.
On the highest bough the mourner crow
Sits in his funeral suit of wo—
All nature mourns—and my spirit grieves
At the noise of my feet in the withering leaves.

Oh! I sigh for the days that have passed away,
When my life like the year had its season of May;
When the world was all sunshine and beauty and truth,
And the dew bathed my feet in the valley of youth!
Then my heart felt its wings, and no bird of the sky
Sang over the flowers more joyous than I.
But Youth is a fable—and Beauty deceives;—
For my footsteps are loud in the withering leaves.

And I sigh for the time when the reapers at morn
Came down from the hill at the sound of the horn—
Or when dragging the rake, I followed them out
While they tossed the light sheaves with their laughter about;
Through the field, with boy-daring, barefooted I ran;
But the stubbles foreshadowed the path of the man!
Now the uplands of life lie all barren of sheaves—
While my footsteps are loud in the withering leaves.

Selected Articles.

A HIT AT DUELLING.

The following poetical epistle went the rounds of the papers pretty generally, some years ago, but as the absurd practice of Duelling is not yet quite laughed out of fashion, we think it well to revive it. The occasion upon which it was written was as follows:

At a meeting under a Commission of Bankruptcy, at Andover, England, in July, 1830, between Mr. Fleet and Mr. Mann, Solicitors of that place, some disagreement arose, which ended in a challenge from Mr. Fleet. Mr. Mann returned the following humorous answer, declining the *dis-honor*:

TO KINGSTON FLEET, ESQ.

I am honored this day, Sir, with challenges two:
The first from friend Langdon, the second from you;
As the one is to *fight*, and the other to *dine*,
I accept *his* "engagement," and yours must decline.

CHARACTER OF HAMPDEN.

Mr. Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of great pleasure and license, had, on a sudden, retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had showed in opposing the ship money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely begun the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, while they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be: which shortly after appeared to all, when he cared less to keep on the mask.—*Clarendon.*

SIGHTS AT ALEXANDRIA.—As I sat near the window of the hotel, many strange sights passed before me: among others I saw two large ostriches walking about most majestically. One of them having been offended by a man in European dress, fell upon him, and spiritedly gave battle, until an Egyptian came and drove the bird away. I also saw from the window the process of building as carried on in Egypt. Camels are there employed in bringing stones. The workmen carry what are not unlike carpet-bags, slung across their shoulders, made of leather, and having a large round hole at the top, and a small one at one corner of the bottom, which is tied with a string. In these they bring water for the lime. Others mixed the mortar, which was taken to the builders by women, in square boxes, and which they carry upon their heads. I saw also that several men had got skins of the goat and wild boar, in which they carried water. The skin is taken off as whole as possible; the legs are tied fast, so as to prevent the water from escaping, and the water is poured in at the neck; these, with the hair on, looked like dead pigs hanging from the men's shoulders.—*Lowthian's Visit to Jerusalem.*

IMPRESSIONS.—We have often read, and heard, and talked, of the impression made by a fair lady upon the heart of an admirer; but we always conceived that this was a mere figure of speech. If we may credit an old physician, however, it proves to be a literal fact. "Dr. Conyers," observes our author, "dissected a person who died for love in London; and they found an impression of a lady's face upon his heart."

OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 13, 11, 19, 20, 3, is a county in Kentucky.
My 10, 4, 20, is a county in Virginia.
My 14, 15, 3, 5, 15, 9, is a county in New York.
My 9, 15, 8, 13, is a river in Iowa.
My 2, 6, 18, 15, 5, is a town in Ohio.
My 13, 12, 3, is a river in France.
My 1, 15, 6, is a town in Asia.
My 16, 20, 21, 18, 9, 4, is a county in North Carolina.
My 17, 3, 6, 13, is a river in Asia.
My 7, 3, 11, 6, is a town in Indiana.
My whole is the name of a distinguished American General. J. E. GILLESPIE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first receives but little praise
Among the sons of earth,
Although its species once saved Rome
From slavery or death.
My second's been the instrument,
To spread the noblest thought
That ever sprung from author's brain,
Or ever mind has wrought. J. J.

PROBLEM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The stars and stripes I wish to plant,
For I'm a Western emigrant,
Upon a high and lofty ledge
Rising abruptly, like a wedge,
On California's level plain,
Covered with fields of waving grain.
The flag above the rock at most
Must be three feet twelve fathoms just.
Suppose a traveller quadrant in hand,
Six hundred feet from base, to stand,
From level with his eye to top of ledge
Is forty-five degrees by this true gage.
I wish to know how high, I'll have
Those glorious stars and stripes to wave,
And also from the traveller's eye
To where the banner floats on high,
To find the distance you may try.
Suppose the man as well he might,
To be just five feet six in height. J. J.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

In a series of proportional numbers the first is 5, the third is 8, the product of the second and third is 78.4; what is the difference of the second and fourth? X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What part of a cathedral is expressed by one hundred and a half of oysters?
Ans.—Cloisters (C. L. oysters.)

☞ Why is a nail like a horse?
Ans.—Because it is often driven.

☞ What is that which we often see made, but never see after it is done?
Ans.—A bow.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
"Capture of the Fortifications of Tampico."

CHARADE.—Rattlesnake.

RIDDLE.—The Letter M.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.
1st—5 per cent.
2nd—30, 40, and 50 rods.

New Publications.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

A new book with this title has recently been published in England, and judging from the extracts we have seen, the three stories composing it are most admirably told, in a sweet, simple and natural style. The first tale, *Isabel Denison*, is that of a girl who deserts her first engagement. Here is the scene in which Isabel, doubtful of the strength of the feeling which has newly risen in her heart, suffers herself to yield to the engagement which costs her afterwards so much sorrow. Herbert Grey is a young man of family whom a disappointment already experienced in love has driven into the church. He is the curate of the quiet country village in which Isabel has passed her orphanhood, and from which she has not yet peeped out into the world beyond.

At length he began. The tone of his voice told her at once what was coming; and why did her heart sink, and her pulse almost stand still within her? Did she, or did she not, love Herbert Grey?

"It is now more than three weeks since I promised that I would tell you my sad history, when you asked me for it. Has all interest died away within you? Shall you never think about it again?"

"If it is so painful," Isabel began, with hesitation—"

"It is painful," he interrupted, "painful and sad; but is this the reason for your silence?—is it not rather that you shrink from the condition I affixed?"

Isabel was silent.

"Isabel," he continued, "why don't you answer me? But it is too late now to wait for an answer—you know, you must know well, how wildly, how passionately I love you; and you must hear me speak, and then—" He paused and looked in her face. It was white as marble. "Forgive me, Miss Denison, I have been very wrong. I will tell you all calmly, if you will bear me. Will you hear me now, or shall it be for another time?"

It was really an effort to her to speak, but she did speak, and begged him to tell her all. He began again in a low but calm voice.

"I have loved, Miss Denison, before now. Do not start," he said, observing a movement which sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart, as he fancied it might be a pang of jealousy. "I thought at that time I loved as few could love, but now I find that even I know it not."

With breathless interest Isabel listened to the tale he told—the tale of his love, of his hope, of his agony when forsaken. Breathless, agitated, she listened still, when he ended thus:—

"It was no light thing to suffer this, the disappointment of every hope; but the suffering itself was as nothing in comparison to the blight it cast upon me; the doubt in the truth of every human being under which I have now suffered for many years. Even you, Miss Denison, in whose face truth and purity are written—even you at first I doubted. But it is passed—it is all passed. In your presence, better feelings have come back to me; and never, even under disappointment, will they leave me again. And now you know all, and

Isabel marries the man she loves, and at his own request the service is read by Herbert Grey.

Once only, the voice of Herbert had faltered.—It was when he guided the lips of Clarence to take her "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death should them part." Perhaps the time had been when, in his lonely wanderings, his own heart had addressed her in those beautiful and touching words.

The service was over. They returned to the vestry, and the names were signed. Herbert and Isabel stood side by side, but no word was spoken between them. From the great crowd without, there was a delay in the appearance of the carriage. Mr. Denison forced his daughter to sit down, but placed her near the door, that she might be ready.

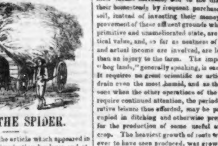
Her husband approached her. "The carriage is come: will you go now, Isabel?" For a moment his eye wandered to the figure of Herbert, who still stood motionless where the signatures had been made. He longed to speak one word of kindness a happy rival dares not show, and he turned again to Isabel.

She got up; then, with a hurried step, went to Herbert's side.

"Herbert," she said, in a voice so low, that it reached none but him, and she raised her imploring eyes to his face.

Once more he controlled, with a violent effort, the emotion that was beating so fearfully in his heart. He took her hand in both of his, and, as his lips murmured a blessing, he smiled—and it was the memory of that calm, sweet, angel smile, that went with her, a blessing upon her way.

Agricultural.



SPARE THE SPIDER.

I like the spirit of the article which appeared in the June Cultivator, inculcating kindness and attention to birds and toads for their usefulness in the garden. I desire to say a word in behalf of another useful friend of man, but whose friendship is met with almost unrivalled enmity and ingratitude. I mean the *Spider*. I do verily believe that, without his ceaseless vigilance, his untiring alertness, his wary cunning, his sagacious ingenuity, his fierce daring, and his voracious destructiveness, *it would be impossible for man to get enough out of the earth to save himself from starving!* Look at your garden and your fields, and see the endless variety of them, and their countless numbers, constantly in pursuit of prey, which they devour with unappeasable voracity,

J. C. H.

BOILING DOWN IN AUSTRALIA.

RECLAIMING WET LANDS.

There are but few farms which do not embrace more or less soil which falls legitimately under this denomination. Low, sunken tracts, of from one to ten acres or more, are to be found on almost every farm, and are usually neglected and suffered to be overrun with alders, willows and other species of worthless growth, or covered with stagnant water. In very many, perhaps in a great majority of cases, such soils admit of easy and permanent improvement, and it is a source of no small gratification to find that the attention of our agricultural friends is being directed to this end, and that the good work has, in many sections, been commenced with a zeal and energy which promises well for its success. In speaking upon this topic, the editor of one of our agricultural journals not long since remarked as follows:—

"Those lands that were considered almost worthless when the country was first settled, and even continued to be so regarded until within a short time, are now found to be the best grass lands in the country, as they have, in many cases, a great depth of rich vegetable mould that will, when properly drained or improved, yield abundant crops, and is not liable to fail from drought; such lands usually produce best in those seasons in which high grounds fail.

"We have," continues the same writer, "within a few years, seen stout herds-grass and red-top, yielding from two to three tons to the acre, in a *dry season*, on wet lands, while the high lands, on the same farm did not in general, produce one-third so much. Twelve or fifteen years ago, these 'swamps,' as they were called, were valued only for the timber on them, and the meandering streams that produced a few trout."

Many farmers who possess extensive tracts of low, rich bog lands, entirely neglect them, and as their means increase, add to the dimensions of their homesteads by frequent purchases of arable soil, instead of investing their money in the improvement of these affluent grounds which, in their primitive and unameliorated state, are of no practical value, and, so far as neatness of appearance and actual income are involved, are less a benefit than an injury to the farm. The improvement of "bog lands," generally speaking, is easily effected. It requires no great scientific or artistic skill to drain even the most humid, and as there are seasons when the other operations of the farm do not require continued attention, the periods of comparative leisure thus afforded, may be profitably occupied in ditching and otherwise preparing them for the production of some useful and valuable crop. The heaviest growth of roots we remember ever to have seen produced, was grown on a piece of "bog soil" which had been systematically drained, and stimulated by an application of house ashes, after having been subjected to the amelioration of the plough. The ensuing season, the ground was again ploughed to the depth of ten inches, thoroughly harrowed and sowed in oats.—The crop was one of unusual richness, and the grass—timothy and clover, which followed, was estimated, by competent judges, to exceed two-and a half tons to the acre. We hope that those of our readers who are so fortunate as to possess lands of this description, will immediately commence improving them. They may rest confidently assured that in no way can they more profitably invest their floating capital, as the soil thus reclaimed will continue to pay, annually, a heavy dividend, to say nothing of the increased value of the farm in consequence of the "betterment," both as regards its appearance and productive powers. "A word to the wise," &c.—*Maine Cultivator.*

HOW TO MEASURE THE QUANTITY OF CORN PER ACRE.

Go into the best part of the field and pluck the ears from ten successive hills in one row. Measure the shelled corn accurately, and you will find how much you have from one hill. In this way you can judge pretty well what a whole acre may produce; for as we usually plant corn in New England we make *four thousand* hills in one acre. This supposes the hills to be just one pace apart.

Three pretty good ears will make one pint of shelled corn—and you will not find a great majority of the fields with more than a pint to a hill. Four thousand pints amount to sixty-two and a half bushels. But the corn will shrink so much before January, that it may be necessary to deduct one fourth from its present measure. This leaves but about forty-five bushels of merchantable corn for the acre. How easy it is for any one to measure for himself instead of relying on the wild estimates and pretended estimates that we often read of.

One quart of shelled corn is often produced by a single hill. If a whole acre would produce as well, 125 bushels would be the product, measured in October. Try and see if you find ten hills in succession with a quart in each. We have not seen many fields that would come up to it.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

COMMON HEMLOCK FOR HEDGES.

A writer in the Genesee Farmer, over the signature of A. I. Langelier, recommends the common hemlock of our woods (Abies canadensis) as excellent for hedges. He says at the Toronto Nursery, in Canada West, there is a hedge one hundred and fifty feet long, five feet high, three feet thick at the base, tapering gradually at the summit. And the editor of that paper endorses the recommendation, stating that where great strength is not required, but an evergreen hedge for ornament and shelter as well as fence, it is an admirable thing for the business.

Nothing can be easier raised in Maine than the hemlock, and we have always considered it one of the handsomest evergreens that we have when it is young. After it has grown up into a large forest tree, it loses its freshness and graceful elasticity when moved by the breeze, and dead limbs are often putting out their unsightly and crooked forms to mar its beauty. For an ornamental screen it would be excellent, and by being kept down in the hedge form, it could be kept fresh and flourishing. By planting the seeds late in the fall or early in spring, an abundance of plants could be easily obtained.—*Maine Farmer.*

The Olio.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

A SONG.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

THE CLOCK-MAKER.—The New York Star relates the following incident in the life of Mr. Willard, the Massachusetts clock maker, whose death we have recently recorded:

Many years ago Mr. Willard paid a visit to Thomas Jefferson, with whom he was intimately acquainted. Mr. J. talked freely with him about the effect of Jay's treaty; Willard could give no opinion on any of its provisions, and Mr. Jefferson insinuated that he knew but little of public affairs. In the course of conversation he begged Mr. W. to examine a beautiful French clock, and see what was the matter with it. Mr. Willard took out his plyers and took it to pieces, laying the wheels, main springs, and all the works on the table; after some further conversation he rose to depart; "Don't go, Willard," said Mr. J., "until you put the works of the clock together." "You can do it." "I! not I," said Mr. Jefferson. "Why, you expected that I should be familiar with treaties," said Mr. Willard, "when you can't put the wheels of a clock together."

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.—To the daughter we should say that no favorite can love you with an affection so disinterested as your mother. Deceive her, and "your feet will slide in due time." How many thoughtless daughters receive addresses against the wish of their parents, receive them clandestinely, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave of their earthly happiness. He who would persuade you to deceive your parents, proves himself, in that very deed, unworthy of your confidence. If you wed him, you will speedily realise what you have lost. You will find you have exchanged a sympathising friend, and an able, judicious counsellor, for a selfish, unfeeling companion, ever seeking his own accommodation and his own pleasure—neglecting you in health, and deserting you when sick. Who has not read the reward of deserted parents in the pale and melancholy features of the undutiful daughter.

FABLE.—The Sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had been long out of use.—The rust was soon rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go, they were of blood. It was on the table near the pen of his Secretary. The Pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off.